THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 1, 1808.

## MODERN LIBERALITY.

THE present is without doubt the *age* of *liberality*. Every day is pregnant with instances of the most splendid acts of munificence; and it is truly said, that he, she, or they, who in any deviation from the strict rules of decorum, or in any embarrassment of fortune, address themselves to the *liberal feelings* of the public, are sure of *indulgence* and *protection*. Thus when an actor gets too much *in spirits*, or an actress makes a *faux pas*, they have only to throw themselves on the *liberality* of the audience. And thus when a capital singer made the *amende honorable* for a foolish advertisement, by a letter in which she concluded with a *liberal* declaration, that she desired permission from the managers of the opera, only to sing for *two public charities*—the world rung with her praises—it was an act so very magnificent! In two days after we are informed by a regular notice from a *music master*, that he had *engaged* her to sing at *four* public concerts, and that *four* ladies of fashion had been so *liberal* as to give him up their houses for the performance. Here are instances of *liberality* worthy of commemoration. First, the manager of the opera is so *liberal* as to permit Madame Catalina to do what she did not require of him, to sing for a private instead of a public charity, and the gentleman, we suppose, gives her a *liberal* douceur for her trouble.

But the condescension of the ladies of fashion who generously permit their mansions to be converted into *spectacles*, and who open their doors to all the *miscellany* of a foreigner's subscription, illustrates the liberal character of the age. This is a point of refinement in liberality to which the sullen dignity of our ancestors made no pretension. And it is a mode of

setting at defiance the *prudery* of the theatre in Argyle-street, "that is to be totally dedicated to the class which ought to be kept separate and distinct from any other,"—as well as the *nice arrangement* at the opera, from which "the persons whom it is easier to understand than to describe," are to be excluded. At the elegant *public rooms* of the marchioness of *this*—or the marchioness of *that*—or the marchioness of *t'other*—or of any marchioness, let me ask, who will question the *right of admission* to any one, whom the *fiddler* has put down in the books of his *dear* and *liberal* duchess of A, the countess of B, or the Lady C.?—It is a most happy expedient to secure *freedom* under the mask of *restraint*, and to enjoy the most perfect relief from *censure* by having one's house too *crowded* for *observation*.

We must also admire the *economy* of this new fashion. Of old, when a noble lady gave a splendid concert at her mansion, the noble lord's *oaks* or his *elms* paid for the *piping*. She was obliged to *engage* the favourite *voices* and *instruments* of the year. Now she is herself *engaged*, and receives a number of tickets in proportion to the *capacity* of her rooms, and the *extent* of her *attraction*. In this way the palace of a duchess may *let* for more than that of a countess—and the hotel of a baroness for double that of a squire's lady. It would be an edifying *caricature*, worthy of Gilray's pencil, to contrast the anxious features of a lady of high fashion, standing in an attitude of suspense, while an Italian musician was *pacing* her suite of rooms to ascertain their length and breadth, and to fix the number of tickets he would give for the accommodation!

People talk of the waste and extravagance of the present age. Does this look like waste?—To what an exquisite degree of domestic management we have attained, when we can thus convert even the extremity of ostentation into a source of revenue! Opening one's own house has other advantages—it is obviously *commode*. It affords facilities which are incompatible with the conspicuous character of a public place, every avenue to which is necessarily open: but here *publicity* is united with *retirement*—and the *pêle mêle* with the *select*. For while in the state-rooms the crowd are astonished by the mellifluous *starts* and *compass* of Catalani—delighted by the executive science of Billington—or captivated by the graceful attitudes of Grassini—while the misses are all thrilling enamoured over the dulcet *cadenzas* of Le Kaneu—and the dowagers are enraptured with the full organic volume of Dragonetti—my lord and my lady may have their *partie chuisée* in the parlour; or each may have a *partie fine* in the library and boudier, for the age is too *liberal* for any malevolent constructions. We are all too polished to harbour the vulgarity of scandal. And

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it is manifest, that the ladies of fashion give up their houses to their music-masters and fiddlers—only because those music-masters and fiddlers *are the very best people in the world, and because the present is the age of liberality.*

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*Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Samuel Prout, Jun. made when on a Tour to Cornwall.*

(Continued from Page 44.)

MY route now lay through a barren unpicturesque country, for eighteen miles, till I reached the village of Kilkhampton. The moon had already opened her reign, and the soberness of twilight cast a pleasing serenity over the village scene; the farmers had partaken their refreshment, and each were mounting their faithful steeds, which had been waiting for them at the inn-door.

Kilkhampton is one of the last parishes towards the north of Devon, and its village is greatly superior in neatness and regularity to the general character of Cornish cottages. This is one of the many parishes which derive their names from local circumstances. Kilkhampton—the church dwelling town; the barony of this place has for many ages belonged to the Granville family, whose ancient seat, called Stow, formerly stood near the village, but scarce one stone is left on another of its extensive grandeur. Pious superstition frequently characterized the knights of old, and from their munificence monasteries were founded, and churches erected. The church at Kilkhampton was built and endowed by an ancient baron of the Granville line, whose sculptured arms fill every part of this fabric. The body of the church is spacious and lofty; consisting of three parallel aisles, divided by elegant clustered columns, (each consisting of one stone) with ornamented capitols; from which spring obtuse pointed arches, supporting the roof with simplicity and dignity. Carved benches prevail through this place of worship, as the old method of seating. The font is octagon and capacious, in its different compartments bearing the Granville arms. Expensive and elaborate monuments, to the memory of various branches of this illustrious family, occur in every corner. The one most worthy of attention is to Sir Bevil Granville; swords, spears, helmets, drums, murdering engines, instruments of slaughter, adorn the stone with formidable magnificence; under it is a tablet inscribed to the earl of Corbile, and lord of Thorigney and Granville, in France and Normandy, descended in a direct line from Robert, second son of the warlike Rolla, first duke of Normandy.

" Thus slain thy valliant ancestor did ly
When his one bark a navy did defy
When now encompass'd round the victor stood
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood
'Till all his purple current dry and spent
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where shall ye next fam'd Granville's ashes stand
Thy grandsyre fills the seas and thou ye land."

MARTIN L. LEWELLIN.

Vid. Oxford University, verses printed 1643.

Among the monuments of this church Hervey wrote his celebrated Meditations among the Tombs. " The lettered floor (he says) the pavement, somewhat like Ezekiel's roll, was written over from one end to another." The southern entrance bears a higher antiquity than any other part of the church: it is a semi-circular arch, ornamented with several bands of curious zig-zag Anglo-Norman sculpture, grotesque heads, flowers, &c. Over the outer entrance is a stone bearing the date 1567, with the appropriate inscription of *Porta celi*, and seems intended to form the following distich:

*Porta celi*, the gate of Heaven,
Fifteen hundred sixty-seven.

The exercise of wrestling is a favourite amusement among the inhabitants of this village, and it is more generally practised in this part of the country than in any part of England. Children are early initiated into the art, and boys make it their constant amusement. " The Cornish (says Borlase) have been remarkable for their expertness in athletic contentions for many ages, as if they inherited the skill and strength of their fabulous first duke, Corinæus, whose fame consists chiefly in the reputation he won by wrestling with, and overcoming the giant Gogmagog." " To give one a Cornish hug," which is a lock in the art of wrestling, is a proverb in general circulation. The inhabitants of Cornwall are well known for their strength and activity. The western Saxon kingdom was always famed for the stoutness of active men, well suited to appear in the Olympic games, and were they now in fashion none would bear a greater probability of victory than the Cornish. The Cornish Arthur was said to have been gigantic, but it is, doubtless, a great exaggeration. The tradition that giants formerly lived in these parts is supported by Havillan, a poet, who lived four hundred years ago, and who has these verses describing certain British giants.

" Of

——————" Of Titan's monstrous race
Only some few disturb'd that happy place.
Raw hides they wore for cloaths, their drink was blood,
Rocks were their dining-rooms, their prey their food.
Their cup some hollow trunk, their bed a grove,
Murder their sport, and rapes their only love.
Their courage frenzy, strength their sole command;
Their arms, what fury offer'd to their hand;
And when, at last, in British fight they dy'd,
Some spacious thicket some vast grave supply'd.
With such vile monsters was the land oppress'd,
But most, the farther regions of the west;
Of them, thou Cornwall! too wast plagu'd above the rest."

A morning's excursion brought me to the village of Moorvinstow; a few miserable cottages exposed on the naked heights to the rude blast that blows in from the ocean. In Domesday this parish is taxed under the name of Orchet, which is now in the parish of Kilkhampton. The church stands in a secluded bottom, between two furze-clad hills, on the border of the coast, which is wild and terrific. The descent through the church-yard is steep, and the surrounding features bear little appearance of civilization. The situation marks the capriciousness of its founder, being situated at the extremity of the parish, west, far from the world, and almost lost to the busy eye of curiosity; but this holy edifice becomes exceedingly interesting, from the many fragments of Anglo-Norman architecture connected with it. The southern entrance of this porch is quite perfect, and presents many specimens of its peculiar architecture. The circular arch on the outer porch is ornamented with a band of zig-zag, flat and inverted, with a string of roses springing from two animals; on the pediment is a beautiful group of figures, resembling crocodiles, with a chair from their mouth, entwining a lamb; the inner arch, opening to the church, has a profusion of ornaments, with slender columns, and sculptured capitols. The church consists of a nave, two aisles, and a chancel; on the south side the aisle is divided by five elegant clustered columns, with pointed arches; on the north side two plain heavy pointed arches, and three circular, supported by round massy columns; the latter bearing a great variety of bird and men's heads, the zig-zag, nebule, &c. of the same date as the porch. The screen, seats, &c. are curiously carved, with excellent workmanship, which was grounded on a principal; beauty in proportion, and uniformity of style, as evident in the lesser as the higher branches of the art. There are several monuments in the church, particularly to the Waddons of Tonacombe, in this parish. The church appears to have undergone many alterations in the hands of ignorant men,

many

many parts of it having lost all resemblance to ecclesiastical architecture, while ornamented stones lie scattered on the ground, and some beautiful workmanship is devoted to the meanest uses for fencing, and boundary stones. 'Tis much to be lamented that ignorance makes greater havoc than time itself, and that some of our most interesting remains, monuments of superior skill and great labour, are levelled to the ground, to answer the meanest purposes.

From this interesting spot I skirted the coast, 'till a steep irregular path winded its descending course to the beautiful narrow dell of Coombe, sheltered from the winds, and embosomed in wood, where a happy few rest content,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Each little cot sent forth its blue curling smoke; the sign of labour's rest and peaceful enjoyment. Perhaps this hamlet knows no discord. In every family reigns contentment—the happy cottagers

"Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude."

The property in this county is very unequally divided. Most of the inhabitants are hired to daily labour, and the reward for their toil is scarce sufficient to lead their children from infancy, who are bound out apprentices at an early age, to the total neglect of their education: the parents being poor, and the masters indifferent. On the road I was joined by a sprightly boy, seven years old, who had passed one year of his apprenticeship, which does not expire 'till the twenty first of his age. The lad was full of vivacity, with a pleasing openness of manners, but almost ignorant of the distinction between a book and a pen.

*(To be continued).*

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## THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

*A Tale from the French of M. Imbert.*

MONSIEUR and Madame D'Erimont were united by the wishes of their friends; inclination had no share in the match, as they had but casually seen each other in public, and it was fortunate on both sides that neither had any previous attachment to another. Madame D'Erimont possessed an ample fortune, this was all D'Erimont knew about her; in fact, he cared for little else, and whether she was well-informed or ignorant,

rant, amiable or dissolute, was what he had not even found leisure to enquire into. Yet D'Erimont was not a depraved character; brilliant talents, joined to fascinating manners, made him an object of general admiration; his society was courted by both sexes, and the dull tedium of domestic life was not by any means suited to his lively taste. His wife was handsome, so much the better, he was not ashamed to acknowledge her in public; but as for a tête a tête, oh, that was insupportable!

Madame D'Erimont, as amiable as handsome, perceived her husband's indifference with pain at first, but when it became habitual, her chagrin wore away, and she again enjoyed the gaieties she had been accustomed to. Too proud to complain, she suffered every one to praise D'Erimont, as the most complaisant and generous husband in the world; she saw, with delight, that he was the object of universal admiration, and self-love was gratified by the consolatory idea that he was her husband; the uncontrouled liberty she enjoyed was highly agreeable to her, and she persuaded herself that their estranged way of living was mere matter of course, and conformity with fashionable manners. Thus passed their time 'till Madame D'Erimont was delivered of a daughter. D'Erimont was informed of the acquisition, but he had wished for a son, and his joyous expectations were damped; however, he put the best face on the matter, paid his lady a morning visit, expressed his hopes of her speedy recovery; called the child, "Sweet baby," and hastened to a dinner party, where, in two hours time, he forgot that he was a father, or even that he was married.

Madame D'Erimont's whole soul was wrapped up in her child; she no longer took pleasure in dissipated amusements, but found the purest delight in maternal love. She confined herself wholly with her infant, and occasionally a complaining sigh burst from her bosom, that her husband was not present to share her pleasures. Her tender cares were rewarded by the gradual improvement of her lovely daughter, and two years of serene joy passed away almost unobserved.

One evening, when D'Erimont had had a run of ill-luck at a gaming-house, he returned home rather earlier than his usual hour; for some time he paced his apartment in extreme bad temper—at length he three himself into a chair, and mechanically fixing his eyes on the opposite wall, he beheld the portrait of Madame D'Erimont—a sudden thought struck him, he rung for his servant, and ordered him to inquire if his lady pleased to admit him. The servant, astonished at an order so unexpected, stared with an expression of comical surprise, and stood like one petrified, 'till D'Erimont, in an authoritative tone, repeated his command; and the servant knew his temper too well to hesitate a moment longer.

Madame

Madame D'Erimont, equally amazed, and ignorant to what motive she might attribute this unlooked-for visit, replied, that "she should be happy to receive him." D'Erimont immediately went to her apartment, and after politely expressing a hope that he did not incommode her, took a seat. The usual compliments passed on both sides, they conversed on indifferent subjects, fashionable scandal, and the politics of the day; each had wit, and by degrees the chat became lively. At length it grew late, and D'Erimont, with some degree of embarrassment, demanded permission to sup with her. Madame replied, gaily, "With all my heart; but I fear you will make an indifferent repast." It was soon served, and D'Erimont found it delicate, though not sumptuous—in fact, he seemed as if he had formed a new acquaintance; and the novelty charmed him so much, that he felt ashamed to mention the original purpose of his visit. Madame D'Erimont looked at her watch—in polite society this is a hint for guests to retire—and D'Erimont took it as such; they parted better pleased with each other than either expected.

On the following evening D'Erimont was engaged to a concert, but, having an hour to spare, he resolved on paying a visit to Madame, and, at the same time, to make the request he had meditated the evening before. Madame D'Erimont received him with pleasure; and on his enquiring if she had it in her power to accommodate him with a small supply of cash, for an immediate necessity—she, without hesitation, presented him a purse, containing a hundred Louis d'ors. Such prompt compliance flattered and pleased him; he found it impossible to take an abrupt leave after such a favour, and this evening passed in the same manner as that which preceded it, notwithstanding D'Erimont's previous engagement.

The next evening D'Erimont had no engagement, and to prevent the time from passing heavily, he again requested permission to sup with Madame. With her usual condescension, she assented; and the conversation was more animated than ever. In the midst of their supper, D'Erimont said, laughing, "You can hardly imagine, Madame, how much you have improved since your marriage" "My marriage," replied Madame D'Erimont, smiling, "I really believe my marriage took place much about the same time as your's, yet I cannot return the compliment." D'Erimont coloured. "You are right, Madame; yet you are more agreeable than ever." Such a compliment, three years after marriage, is really very flattering," said Madame D'Erimont. "And it but justice for me to say, that I should think the same of you, but that my opinion of you, at that period, admitted not of improvement." The hours seemed to fly in this agreeable intercourse; at last, Madame D'Erimont rising, and going to her cabinet, said, "I

fear you thought me niggardly last night, what I gave was not sufficient for a temporary embarrassment; do me the favour to accept this," tendering him another purse. Though equally in want of cash, delicacy prevented D'Erimont from accepting it. "You distress me," said he, "I came hither merely for the pleasure of your society; I would not inconvenience you for the world," "You need not fear that," replied Madame D'Erimont, "I live very frugally, and have always sufficient by me for exigencies." Heavens! Madame, how do you manage?" "I will tell you," said she, "but no—do me the honour to take your chocolate with me to-morrow, and I will shew you my little plan of economy." D'Erimont promised, and departed. The first part of the night was passed in unpleasant reflections on his own thoughtless extravagance, which had irretrievably involvedhis affairs, and now threatened to overwhelm an amiable woman, whose merit he had learned almost too late to appreciate. The morning came: D'Erimont was punctual to his engagement, and Madame received him with welcoming smiles. She looked almost more lovely than the evening before; dissipation had not robbed her cheek of its natural bloom, pleasure dimpled her cheek, and her eyes shone with the brilliancy of good humour. D'Erimont saluted her cordially, then took his chocolate, and reminded her of her promise. She threw open the door of an adjoining room, called "Henrietta," and in a moment a lovely blooming girl rushed into her arms. Turning to D'Erimont, she exclaimed, "This is my plan of economy; for her I have relinquished every other pursuit; for her I save all!" Tears of maternal fondness filled her eyes, and, melted by the scene, D'Erimont threw his arms round them both, and exclaimed, "This is my child! for her I will do the same." From that moment D'Erimont became in reality the best of husbands."

Thus, by complacent kindness, and proper address, Madame D'Erimont reclaimed him from habits of dissipation, into which he would have plunged deeper, had harshness or levity, on her side, been substituted for that amiable gentleness, which ever finds its way to the generous heart. Perhaps few Englishwomen would have had the stoicism of Madame D'Erimont; we hope few have occasion to exercise it: but to those who have, the lesson may be salutary, and we have little doubt of its infallibility.

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## SKETCH *of the late* ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

THIS celebrated artist died some weeks since at Rome. She had been long known in England as an eminent painter, and was equally cherished for her talents abroad.

Some slight biographical sketch of her will not therefore be out of place.

Angelica Kauffman was born in the year 1740, upon the Lake of Constance, in Switzerland. Her father was a painter, and pursued his profession at Milan, in Italy, with tolerable success. He was chiefly employed in portraits; but his works were, in truth, of a very indifferent character; and though he destined his daughter for his own profession, she was not likely to benefit much by her father's example.

Her attachment to the art began to appear very early in life, and the promises of her youth were auspiciously hailed by the amateurs of that part of Italy. But it is worthy of remark, that her genius and taste, at this period, were no less conspicuous in music than in painting; and such was her early proficiency in these sister arts, that her father and friends were long in doubt to which of the two she should be professionally educated.

Painting was at length fixed upon, and she procured letters of introduction to Raphael Menges, who was then employedat Rome.

When she reached Florence, she understood that Menges had left Rome for Spain. At this period she was introduced to Mr. West, by the Marquis Cherini, one of the great patrons of art in Italy. Mr. West was then copying from the ancient masters in the gallery of Florence, and it was from him that she received her first knowledge of the principles of composition, the importance of outline, and likewise of the proper combinations and mixtures of colour.

Having spent some time at Florence she removed to Rome; and by the advice of some English gentlemen she came to England.

It is unnecessary to follow her minutely through her professional life. It will be sufficient to observe that, upon the establishment of the royal academy under the patronage of his present majesty, she was one of the first members elected into that body, and continued her connection with the society to the day of her death.

In England, Angelica painted with great success and equal rapidity. She had many admirers and patrons amongst all ranks, and her pencil was for many years in constant employ. Her pictures, being extremely well suited to ordinary comprehension, and the general taste, were much sought for by the engravers, and a large body of her works were engraven by Ryland, which became popular both in England and upon the continent.

Bartolozzi and Burke have likewise engraven many of her pictures; indeed, a collection of them is to be found in the port-folios of most collectors of any industry.

Her

Her general character as an artist it is not difficult to give.

She was certainly the first of her sex which the ancient or modern school of arts has hitherto produced. There is no female painter who can stand in competition with her name. Her eminence in the art, above all her sex, cannot be disputed.

The pencil of Rosalba was that of a feeble copyist; a delineator without accuracy; a colourist more gaudy than magnificent, without splendour, without truth.

She had not the creative powers, or any thing of that superior skill of composition which distinguished Angelica.

Of Elizabetha Cireni, the pupil of Guido, the same may be said: She was the scholar of a master who invariably ruined all that copied after him. What in Guido was sweetness and delicacy, became in his imitators feebleness and langour.

It was the just pride therefore of Angelica to excel every female who has taken up the profession; but if we compare her with the rival sex, we must greatly abate the encomium.

To give her character therefore in a few words, we shall observe that all her works had a feminine and pleasant style of composition which invariably delighted. Her outline was not very bold, but generally correct: her figures were graceful, but perhaps somewhat monotonous and insipid, and her men and women were too much alike.

Her draperies were designed with much delicacy and taste, and were pleasingly varied to her respective characters.

Her conception of character, with some necessary allowances for her sex, was generally just; and though her acquaintance with the ideal was not very extensive; nevertheless, whatever she did invent, if she could not reach excellence, she seldom failed to give pleasure.

Her colouring was gay and brilliant.—She had little knowledge of landscape, and seldom gave more than a common back ground to her figures.

In a word, the great excellence of her pictures is a feminine softness and pleasant *tout ensemble;* their great defect is a spiritless beauty, and insipid monotony.

In some silly remarks in the newspapers, she is called an imitator of Poussin, in the fashion of her draperies, and the style of her colouring. She might with equal justice be called an imitator of Michael Angelo, or of Rubens!

There is nothing in her draperies which resembles those of Poussin: there is nothing in them of the broad flow, and severe majesty of the antique, and that classical precision, and sober grandeur which belong to the elegance of ideal drapery.

The draperies of Angelica are the light, female fashions of a tasty mind; full of grace, and airiness; loose, elegant, and fanciful.

The

The draperies of Poussin formed always a part; sometimes the principal part of his characters; but the draperies of Angelica belonged not to the characters but to the forms: though always pleasing, and perhaps just, they were bestowed without any peculiar nicety of characteristic appropriation.

She clothed the body without fashioning its costume to the resembling qualities of the mind.

Her colouring approached to the colouring of Poussin, somewhat less than her draperies. It was invariably gáy and pleasing: it had no single quality of the heroic and sublime. It has no more the colouring of Poussin, than the colouring of Tintoret or Claude.

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## THE LETTER-BOX.

*No.* 21.

To the Editor.

I Know nothing so detestable as *cruelty!* It is a subject on which I dread to write, from the conviction that I can never *express* a thousandth part of what I *feel.* Being in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, just at the time when a Spanish prisoner was hanged for murder, curiosity (should I not say *inhumanity?*) led me to the place of execution. Every thing around me wore the face of hilarity; it appeared a public holiday; all ages were convened to view the melancholy exit of a murderer, and yet almost every countenance beamed with the sunshine of joy. The general cry was, "Oh he's a *Spaniard,* he's a *foreigner.*" Alas, alas! mistaken mortals!!

> "E'en the poor *beetle,* that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
> As when a giant dies."

But you, my dear "Sq—re,"—you who accompanied me to this scene of death, can testify the severity of my sufferings. You saw me pale and lifeless on the damp grass; you saw me rush through the crowd, to escape the horrid spectacle. Ah! and never shall I forget when you returned to my lodgings: there was an expression in your countenance that manifested excessive sensibility; "It is the first time (you exclaimed) and it shall be the last that ever I witness so distressing a circumstance. I have been amply *repaid* for gratifying my juvenile curiosity." Believe me, my dear fellow, that *that moment* sealed a friendship I had long anticipated, and which (I trust) will never be dissolved.

Cruelty

Cruelty, like all other passions, gradually increases by indulgence. The child that kills a fly, soon learns to kill a larger animal; and to such a pitch of callousness is this barbarous inclination carried, as to render many an innocent man in danger of assassination. To *parents*, in particular, I would strenuously recommend the serious consideration of this subject. Let them rest assured that on themselves chiefly depends the conduct of their children. Cowper justly observes, that

> ———" The spring time of our years
> Is soon dishonoured, and defiled in most
> By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
> To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
> If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
> Than *cruelty*, most dev'lish of them all."

Of all the vices that degrade mankind, *this* is surely the most abominable. Before the fall of man, all nature preserved a universal harmony; even the elements were undisturbed, and an eternal spring encircled the fragrant bowers of Eden; but immediately after the fatal transgression of our first parents, a general warfare ensued. The harmless kid fell a victim to the voracious lion; and the tender dove was borne aloft in the talons of the vulture; the atmosphere (thitherto the seat of calmness) was gloomed with clouds; the rain fell in torrents; the tempest howled; and the awful thunder re-echoed through the immeasurable concave of heaven. Then, too, when our progenitors began to experience some degree of consolation from the promise of omnipotence, " that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," *then* was their temporary felicity suddenly blighted by the first commission of *fratricide!* The innocent Abel, the victim of a cruel brother's jealousy, was cut off in the flower of his days, and proved the first of rational beings that was consigned to the oblivious grave. Gesner's description of Adam and Eve's discovery of the dead body is so exquisitely pathetic that I must beg leave to transcribe it. " They now came from behind some bushes, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice, ' Who lies there? he lieth not like one asleep—his face is on the ground—those golden locks are *Abel's*! Adam! why do I tremble? Abel! Abel! awake—awake, my son! turn to me thy face! turn to me thy face! Awake, ah! awake, dear son, from a sleep that freezes me with horror!'—' What do I see! (cried Adam, trembling and retiring back) blood! *blood* trickling from his temples! his head is covered with blood!' ' O Abel! O my son! my *son!* my *dear son!!*' cried Eve, lifting up his arm, stiffened by death; then

then sunk pale as the object she lamented, on Adam's throbbing breast."

The very *copying* of this quotation has *inspired* me, and, therefore, instead of proceeding in a dull method of prosaic morality, I cannot resist the temptation of vaulting on the *winged horse*, and soaring *aloft*—though not, I trust, beyond the ken of the most unenlightened understanding.

1.

The wretch unmov'd by pity's tear,
Is not a friend of mine,
And him (whatever ties endear)
I scornfully resign;
For minds to kind compassion giv'n
Esteem it as a gift from Heav'n.

2.

The child, by reason yet untaught,
Knows not the pain of death;
Nor deems it an unfeeling fault
To stop the vital breath;
He vents his vengeance on a fly,
And laughs to see the suff'rer die.

3.

As years increase, each truant boy,
On careless pastime bent,
Seems ever active to destroy,
Ingenious to torment.
The very crime my tears condemn,
Is sport and merriment to them.

4.

Thus from the very dawn of life,
(Oh! human nature blush!)
Th' instinctive genius of the mind
Leads us, the weak, to crush,
And act, as far as fate empow'rs,
As if the world was solely our's.

5.

Parents! that try each novel art,
Sweet virtue to instil,
Examine well the infant-heart
With penetrative skill,
And should fell *cruelty* be there,
Oh check it with assiduous care.

6.

6.

Whatever arts your children boast,
Whatever charms possess,
Their worth is but a shade at most,
If void of tenderness;
For one empoison'd weed o'erpow'rs
The perfumes of a thousand flow'rs.

7.

And should (ye nymphs!) the man you love,
A cruel deed perform,
By crushing, as you idly rove,
Each poor excursive worm;
Be well assured, that heart of steel
Can ne'er a *genuine* passion feel;

8.

For pity kindles soft desire,
E'en in the warrior's breast,
Gives vigour to the infant fire,
And blessings to the bless'd;
And he that slights this truth divine,
Is not a friend of *Heav'n's* or mine.

X.

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## SCHOOLS *on the* PLAN *of* MR. LANCASTER.

ON Friday evening last, at the Taylor's Hall, in this city, Mr. Lancaster delivered a lecture on the education of poor children, on the plan of these schools. The object of this lecture, however was not so much as to explain the nature of his plan, as to invite the attention of his hearers to two other lectures, which it is his intention to give; one of these on benevolence, to be delivered in a place of public worship, that all ranks of people may attend, and be afforded an opportunity of contributing something towards the charity, and that the poor man's penny may bs joined to the gentleman's guinea. The other lecture on the nature of his plan, and the peculiar advantages of it, he intends for a limited number of hearers, whose situations and circumstances may enable them to purchase tickets to the lecture, and thereby to promote, in an especial manner, the object he has in view, by their interest and influence, as much as by individual contribution.

Mr. Lancaster detailed the success of his plan at Dover and Canterbury; at the former place, in the space of twelve months, 200 boys had completely verified all that he had pronounced

practicable, to the astonishment of the inhabitants. At Liverpool, a school had been opened for the reception of 700 boys. The bishop of Durham had signified his intention of promoting the plan throughout his diocese; and the children of the whole county of Bedford were to be instructed in the manner he proposed, under the auspices of his grace the duke.

Carmarthen, Swansea, and all South Wales were also embracing his plan. He said he did not mean to introduce his system in opposition to the charitable institutions already established in this city. His object was merely to add another, if not a better mode of instruction, that might also be productive of some good. As an example worthy our imitation, Mr. Lancaster told us, that his majesty himself, the queen and the royal family, to whom he had introduced his plan, conversed with him upon it, closeted with them without one nobleman or other person being present, for a full hour and half, with the same freedom of speech, and the same anxious solicitude to carry his design into execution as on all other occasions. His majesty, in the fullness of his heart, expressed his readiness to promote the plan "for an hundred years to come," and he hoped that ere long there would not be a child in his dominions who could not read its Bible. He requested he might be considered a subscriber of 100l. annually, and his queen and family also became subscribers. Mr. Lancaster here pertinently cited from scripture the following text: "And kings shall be our nursing fathers, and queens our nursing mothers." Her majesty has visited, he said, a school in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and testified her approbation of its organization in the warmest manner. He said, that before he left the royal presence, her majesty expressed her surprise, that a young man would dedicate his time and studies to a subject so unprofitable to himself. He replied, he looked for no reward. "No," rejoined his majesty, "the good man waits for his reward hereafter." "He spoke this," said Mr. Lancaster, "as one on the brink of eternity." On his departure, he presented to each a book of his plan of education; upon the queen receiving her's, she observed that she would go immediately to her room to read it in secret. The king hearing her, and turning aside to hide the tear that was starting in his eye, informed her, that in that pleasure he could not partake, having a complaint in his eyes, but he must endure the visitations of his God with patient submission, and take an early opportunity of having the book read to him.

Mr. Lancaster afterwards placed the subject in a political point of view, and observed that the children of our soldiers and sailors, whom he considered as in a fatherless condition, merited our peculiar care; children, he said, whose fathers many of them were destined from the uncertainties of war, never

more to behold their offspring, that required not barely bread for sustenance, but also food for the mind.

Having expatiated at large on his plan, for more than an hour and half, stating that 300 boys might be educated for one year, at 7s. per boy; that 400 could be educated for one year, at 6s. per boy; and that a still greater number could be educated for a still less sum; and having shewed the necessity of its adoption, not only on behalf of our male, but likewise our female children, he particularly solicited the contributions of the ladies, and referred his hearers to Barry's library, where books were opened.

He said, that it was his intention, when he left this city, to visit other places, and in a short time, probably, the great city of Westminster. That he had, within the last two or three weeks, travelled upwards of 500 miles, night and day, foregoing his own comforts, to promote the welfare of his fellow-creatures; and he blessed God that his health had been hitherto preserved to him. He hoped and trusted, that his zealous endeavours, for which he required no reward, might be seconded by those of his hearers, as far as was necessary; and that when he took his farewell of the citizens of Bristol, he might be able to say at other places, "I begged of them only for the boys, and there was enough for the girls also."

*Bristol, December* 24, 1807.

## BON MOT.

THE son of a farmer, near Newmarket, lately had a christening at his father's house, when, after sitting a little while, and taking a glass or two of ale, one of the female gossips asked the old gentleman for *a toast;* who replied, with a frown, "Remember girl, *that butter is sixteen pence per pound!*"

*Answer, by W. Backhouse, of Evercreech, to J. Cooper's Question, inserted October* 26, 1807.

PUT x and y for the sides sought, then by the property of the rectangled triangle $x^2+y^2=25\times25=625$, and $xy=25\times12=300$: now twice the second equation being added to, and subtracted from the first, gives these quadratics, $x^2+2xy+y^2=1225$; and $x^2-2xy+y^2=25$; therefore $x+y=35$, and $x-y=5$: consequently the sides are 20 yards, and 15 ditto. Q. E. D.

☞ We have received the like answer from Triaugularius, of Evershot; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

*Answer, by J. Horsey, of Castle Cary Academy, to the Charade, inserted Nov. 30.*

IN your poetic lines is meant,
ELHAM, a well-known town in Kent.

§‡§ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; R. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. M. Giffard, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Colley, of St. German's; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Hobbs, of Buttshead Mills; John Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; S. Arnold, of St. Bude; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

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*Answer, by W. Cave, of Pitney, to J. Ryan's Rebus, inserted November 30.*

ALAS! how awful to the human view,
To see the BAYONET pierce mortals thro'.

*** Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; Hester Easter, Poole; H. Ellis, and Thomas Wricker, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. D. Champion, J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; W. D. of Bristol; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; J. B. of Barnstaple; J. Whitnell, of Street; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; S. Arnold, and J. Medland, of St. Bude; H. Lucas, Lyme; J. Hobbs, of Buttshead Mills; W. T. Dineck, of St. Budeaux; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; and Mary Symons, of Honknowle-house.

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*A* CHARADE, *by Betty, of Duke-street, Dock.*

WHEN parted from the friends we love,
My first will oft a solace prove;
And if my whole you can't reveal,
Soon may your ears my second feel.

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*A* CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

MY useful first is in the market sold;
My next in summer you may oft behold:
When you have join'd these parts, in order right,
A beauteous insect will be brought to sight.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. Joyce.*

THE fowler takes my first with care,
When he would fain his skill display;
And in my next the poachers snare
Their harmless, unsuspecting prey.
A liquid letter, thirdly, chuse;
And for my last I'd have you find
What schoolmasters with rigour use
When boys to books are not inclin'd.
Transpose, and then the parts connect,
And you will certainly explain
What men of ev'ry rank and sect
Are very anxious to obtain.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## LINES *on* WINTER.

LO! winter, stern winter, appears,
The reign of fair autumn is past;
The forest a drear aspect wears.
And cold blows the bleak northern blast.
The stream that meandering flows
In the vale, thro' which wild echoes thrill,
On its hard frozen bed takes repose.
At the foot of the neighbouring hill.

The zephyrs that wantonly play,
No more breathe perfumes o'er the lawn;
The warblers, so chearful and gay,
No longer are heard at the dawn.
With pleasure no longer I rove
To hear the sweet warbling throng;
No more in the deep shady grove
Is heard the sweet nightingale's song.

The fields late enamell'd with green,
And deck'd with fair Flora's gay train,
Are chang'd to a desolate scene,
Its beauties no longer remain.
The sweet-scented rose lies decay'd,
And the num'rous flow'rs of the vale,
In beauty transcendant array'd,
Sweet fragrance no longer exhale.

While autumn is passing away,
Ye youth, gay in manliest grace,
Reflect—like the rose we decay,
And autumn to winter gives place.
That time, ever swift in career,
Will bring on the winter of age;
That the end of our life's drawing near,
And death will at last clear the stage.

May wisdom our moments employ,
Since life is compar'd to a span!
For short is the time we enjoy,
So frail is the nature of man.
Lost time we can never restore,
The present so rapidly flies;
The period of life is soon o'er,
Man yields up his breath, and he dies.

Still hope, smiling hope, doth illume,
All sorrow that saddens his breast;
On God he relies for an home,
'Till he soars to the mansions of rest,
Where thousands of angels surround
The throne of Jehovah their king,
And seraphs, with happiness crown'd,
His praises eternally sing.

*Tiverton*, 1807. R. LOOSEMORE.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## DEATH.

DEATH is indeed an awful scene!
The end of life's uncertain dream;
The goal which me must all obtain;
The close of misery and pain;
A guide, when mortal life is flown,
To lead us to a better home;
A dreary hour indeed to those
Who disobey God's holy laws;
The good man's joy; the Christian's pray'r;
The loss of every worldly care;
A monitor who bids us soar
The heavenly regions to explore;
A door which joys unknown reveals;
A visitor who never fails;
The hope of those who spend their days
In their all-wise Redeemer's praise;
A wintry blast which nips the blade;
A key to joys that never fade;
A darksome cloud o'erhung with gloom,
'Till Christ ascended from the tomb,
'Till Christ triumphantly arose,
And conquer'd Hell, and all his foes;
The mark to which we, every day,
Are hast'ning on, without delay;
The end of sublunary cares;
The end of mortal hopes and fears;
The close of every thing below;
A scene of happiness or woe;
Of mortal life the solemn test;
The trial of the human breast;
The object we e'er have in view,
As we our journey on pursue;
A friend to mortals in distress;
A shelter in the wilderness;
A messenger dispatch'd from God,
To bid us quit this drear abode,
To seek the mansions of the blest,
And have an everlasting rest.

And Oh may I! thro' life but find
A gracious Saviour ever kind;
And when this toilsome road is trod
An habitation with my God!

*Exeter, January* 4, 1808. HENRY ELLIS.

## MODERN MELODY.

HUSH! Bray'man sings a most delicious howl,
Then, shrieks a cadence like a screaming owl.
Signora squalls, and thrills like frighten'd geese,
Or creaking wheels that cry for want of grease.
Oh mercy on our ears! 'tis finer far
Than e'en the Indians' piercing whoop of war.
The torture'd crowds, surpriz'd with frightful sound,
Much wonder where such melody was found;
Admire and praise the agonizing strain,
But never wish to hear the like again.